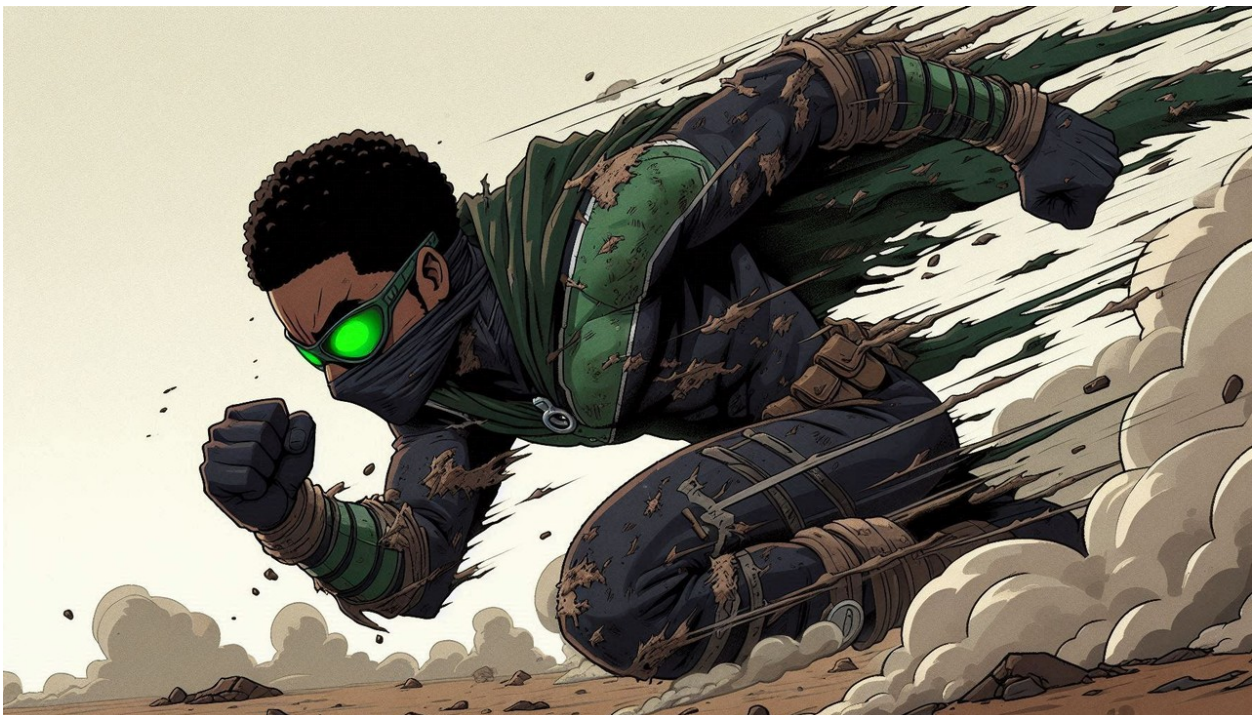


Everything happened so fast. Too fast, even for me. The serene hospital, once a place of healing and hope, now lay in danger. The surrounding area was like a wasteland of burnt, charred craters, each one a testament to the ferocity of our battle. The air was thick with the acrid smell of smoke and scorched earth, a stark reminder of our failure.

But even after all that, even after all the power-ups we got, even after achieving the state of 'Code Breaker,' we failed. The realization hit me like a punch to the gut, the weight of our defeat pressing down on me with crushing force. We had given everything we had, pushed ourselves to the brink, and it still wasn't enough.

And now, the only thing left to do was run.



I felt lost. We cannot face Khan. The only thing I can do right now is run... again... heh, which I did time and time again. I have to warn Ahnaf, I have to take him away. I have to go.

I ran back towards the hospital, my heart pounding with fear and desperation. Each step felt like a betrayal to my friends, a cowardly retreat from a battle we couldn't win. My mind was a whirlwind of guilt and helplessness, the weight of our failure pressing down on me like a suffocating blanket.

As I burst through the hospital doors, the sterile smell of antiseptic hit me, a stark contrast to the acrid scent of smoke and blood outside. The hallways were eerily quiet, the usual bustle of medical staff replaced by an oppressive silence. My footsteps echoed loudly, a constant reminder of the urgency of my mission.

And there I saw Ahnaf at the far end of the left wing of the hospital. His figure was a stark contrast against the dimly lit corridor, a beacon of hope amidst the chaos. My heart raced as I rushed towards him, my mind screaming with urgency.

"Ahnaf! Where are you going?" I shouted, my voice echoing through the empty hallway, a desperate plea in the silence.

"To fight Khan," he replied, his voice steady but filled with a quiet determination that sent a chill down my spine.

"Are you crazy? He destroyed us! Me and James, you don't even know how much of a power-up we received and still were nothing

compared to Khan," I pleaded, my voice cracking with desperation. The memory of our defeat was still fresh, a raw wound that refused to heal.

"Exactly," Ahnaf said, his eyes locking onto mine with a fierce resolve that both terrified and inspired me. "I don't want anybody to get hurt anymore. I am ending it here."

Suddenly, a crash echoed from the second floor of the far right wing. The sound was deafening, a brutal reminder of Khan's relentless pursuit. He was moving upstairs, searching for Ahnaf. The walls trembled with each of his steps, the very air thick with his malevolent presence.

Ahnaf looked at me, his expression unwavering. I knew what he was going to do. My heart sank, a cold dread washing over me like a tidal wave.

"No! Don't go, Ahnaf. He will end you," I begged, my voice breaking, tears welling up in my eyes. The thought of losing him was unbearable, a pain that cut deeper than any wound.

"I have to," Ahnaf said softly, his gaze never wavering. "Because nobody else will."



With that, he started walking towards the stairs to the first floor, his steps heavy with the weight of his decision. Each step felt like a countdown to the inevitable, a march towards a fate that seemed all but certain. My heart ached with every step he took, a silent scream of anguish that echoed in the empty hallway.

Second Floor

I ran up quickly towards the second floor, my heart pounding with a mix of fear and determination. Khan was in the right wing of the hospital, his presence a dark, looming threat. Without hesitation, I launched myself at him, my fists moving at lightning speed. Each punch landed with the force of a sledgehammer, but it was like hitting a brick wall. Khan didn't even flinch.

"Take this!" I shouted, pouring every ounce of my strength into my attacks. My fists blurred as I struck him again and again, but it was no use. Khan's body absorbed the blows effortlessly, his expression one of cold indifference.

Suddenly, Khan's eyes narrowed, and with a swift, almost casual motion, he swung his fist. The punch connected with my chest, and the force was like nothing I had ever felt before. It was as if a freight train had slammed into me. The impact sent me flying across the room, crashing into the wall with a sickening thud. Pain exploded through my body, and I crumpled to the ground, gasping for breath.

Laying there, defeated and broken, I could barely move. Every breath was a struggle, every movement a reminder of my failure. But I couldn't give up. I had to warn Ahnaf. Summoning the last of my strength, I forced myself to my feet and stumbled back towards the left wing of the hospital.



As I reached the second floor of the left wing, I saw Ahnaf walking up the stairs, his steps steady and resolute. "Ahnaf! You don't have to do this," I called out, my voice hoarse with desperation. "Think of your mom!"

Ahnaf paused, turning to look at me. His eyes were filled with a fierce determination. "I am doing this, thinking about my mother herself," he replied, his voice unwavering.

With that, he turned and ran up towards the third floor, his figure disappearing from view.

Third Floor

I rushed at Khan again on the right wing, my heart pounding with determination. This time, I phased through him, hoping to catch him off guard. But Khan was ready. With a swift motion, he swatted me away like an insect, sending me crashing into the wall. Pain shot through my body, but I couldn't afford to stay down.

I forced myself to my feet, every muscle screaming in protest, and rushed back towards the left wing, where Ahnaf was steadily making his way up the stairs. The hospital's eerie silence was punctuated by the distant sounds of destruction, a grim reminder of the chaos that Khan had unleashed.

"Ahnaf! Think of all the sacrifices we made for you just to be safe!" I shouted, my voice filled with desperation. The words echoed through the empty corridor, a plea that hung heavily in the air.

Ahnaf paused, his eyes meeting mine with a mixture of sorrow and resolve. "I did not ask for any of it..." he replied softly, his voice

carrying the weight of unspoken burdens. His gaze was steady, but I could see the pain and determination etched into his features.

Before I could say anything more, he turned and ran up to the fourth floor, his determination unwavering. I watched him go, my heart aching with a mix of fear and helplessness. The thought of losing him was unbearable, a gnawing dread that threatened to consume me.

Fourth Floor

I pushed myself up the stairs, my body aching from the previous encounter. Each step was a struggle, my muscles screaming in protest, but I couldn't stop now. Khan was already there on the fourth floor, his presence a dark, looming threat that seemed to suck the light from the corridor. His eyes locked onto mine, cold and unfeeling, as if he were a predator toying with its prey.

This time, I used all my remaining strength to rapidly dodge his attacks, hoping to find an opening. My movements were a blur, each dodge a desperate attempt to stay one step ahead. But Khan was relentless. He adapted so quickly, his strikes becoming more precise, more deadly. With a swift motion, he swatted me away like a fly. The impact sent me sprawling across the floor, crashing into a row of metal cabinets. Pain shot through my body, a sharp reminder of my vulnerability. I gasped for breath, the air knocked out of my lungs.

I stumbled back towards the left wing, my vision swimming. The hallway seemed to stretch endlessly, each step a monumental effort. As I reached the stairs, I saw Ahnaf walking up, his face set in a mask of determination. His steps were steady, each one carrying him closer to the inevitable confrontation.

"He will kill you, Ahnaf! Try to understand!" I pleaded, my voice hoarse with desperation. The words echoed through the empty corridor, a desperate cry that seemed to fall on deaf ears.

Ahnaf paused, his eyes meeting mine. They were filled with a fierce determination, a resolve that both terrified and inspired me. "At least all this destruction will stop, right?" he replied, his voice steady, almost serene. There was a sadness in his eyes, a recognition of the sacrifice he was about to make.

Before I could say anything more, he turned and ran up to the fifth floor, his figure disappearing from view.

Fifth Floor

I dragged myself up the stairs, my body protesting with every step. Each movement was agony, my muscles screaming in protest, but I couldn't stop now. Khan was already there on the fifth floor, his presence a dark, looming threat that seemed to fill the entire corridor. His eyes locked onto mine, cold and unfeeling, as if he were a predator toying with its prey.

Without hesitation, I launched myself at him, using all my speed to punch at every part of his body. My fists moved like lightning, each strike fueled by desperation and fear. But Khan was unfazed. He grabbed me with a vice-like grip, his hand crushing my arm with terrifying strength. With brutal force, he punched me away, the impact sending me crashing into the wall. Pain radiated through my body, a sharp reminder of my vulnerability. I gasped for breath, the air knocked out of my lungs.

Laying there, defeated and broken, I could barely move. Every breath was a struggle, every movement a reminder of my failure. But I couldn't give up. I had to warn Ahnaf. Summoning the last of my strength, I forced myself to my feet and stumbled back towards the left wing of the hospital. The hallway seemed to stretch endlessly, each step a monumental effort.

As I reached the stairs, I saw Ahnaf walking up, his steps steady and resolute. His face was set in a mask of determination, his eyes focused on the path ahead. "Look at what he has done to us! You won't stand a chance!" I called out, my voice filled with desperation. The words echoed through the empty corridor, a plea that hung heavily in the air.

Ahnaf paused, turning to look at me. His eyes were filled with a fierce determination, a resolve that both terrified and inspired me. "Even so, I have to try," he replied, his voice unwavering. There was a sadness in his eyes, a recognition of the sacrifice he was about to make.

Before I could say anything more, he turned and ran up to the sixth floor, his figure disappearing from view.

Sixth Floor

I rushed at Khan again on the right wing, my body screaming in protest with every movement. Using the remainder of my strength and speed, I launched a desperate assault, hoping to find some way to stop him. My fists moved like blurs, each punch thrown with all the power I could muster. But it was no use. Khan stood there, unfazed, his expression one of cold indifference.

"Why won't you go down?!" I shouted, my voice filled with frustration and despair. I tried to land a flurry of blows, aiming for any weak spot I could find, but nothing hurt him. Khan's body absorbed every hit as if they were mere annoyances.

With a swift, almost casual motion, Khan kicked me away like an insect. The force of the blow sent me flying across the room, crashing into the wall with a sickening thud. Pain exploded through my body, and I crumpled to the ground, gasping for breath. Every muscle screamed in agony, but I couldn't afford to stay down.

Summoning the last of my strength, I forced myself to my feet and stumbled back towards the left wing of the hospital. The hallway seemed to stretch endlessly, each step a monumental effort. My vision blurred with pain and exhaustion, but I couldn't stop. I had to reach Ahnaf.

As I reached the stairs, I saw Ahnaf walking up, his steps steady and resolute. His face was set in a mask of determination, his eyes focused on the path ahead. "Ahnaf, please... I... I am begging you... this is the last chance... please don't," I called out, my voice breaking with desperation. Tears stung my eyes as I pleaded with him, hoping against hope that he would listen.

Ahnaf paused, turning to look at me. His eyes were filled with a fierce determination, but there was also a hint of sorrow. "I am sorry, Eric, but this is something I must do," he replied softly, his voice unwavering. His gaze was steady, but I could see the pain and resolve etched into his features.

Before I could say anything more, Ahnaf turned and ran up to the seventh floor, his figure disappearing from view.

Seventh Floor

I dragged myself up the stairs, my body protesting with every step. The seventh floor was the final battleground, where the left and right wings were connected by a long hallway. The air was thick with tension, the silence almost deafening.

As I reached the top of the stairs, I saw Ahnaf standing at the entrance to the hallway, his back straight and his eyes fixed ahead. His silhouette was framed by the dim light filtering through the broken windows, a lone figure standing against the encroaching darkness. Ahead, in the distance, stood Khan, his eyes locked onto

Ahnaf with a predatory intensity. The air was thick with tension, the silence almost deafening as they stared each other down.

For a moment, time seemed to stand still. I was caught in the middle, my body battered and broken, my mind a whirlwind of fear and desperation. With the remainder of my speed and strength, I prepared to charge forward, hoping to make one last stand. But just then, Ahnaf's voice cut through the silence.



"Eric... Run away," he said, his voice steady but filled with an underlying urgency.

"But—" I started to protest, my heart aching at the thought of leaving him alone.

"Just go! Get out of here!" Ahnaf shouted, his eyes blazing with determination. His voice was a mixture of command and plea, a desperate attempt to protect me even as he faced his own doom.

I was dazed, my mind struggling to process his words. Battered and broken, I had lost all hope and felt utterly helpless. Tears welled up in my eyes as the reality of our situation sank in. The thought of abandoning Ahnaf tore at my soul, but his resolve left me no choice. With a heavy heart, I turned and started to run away, my vision blurred by the tears streaming down my face.

Each step felt like a betrayal, a cowardly retreat from a battle we couldn't win. My heart pounded with a mix of fear and sorrow, the weight of our failure pressing down on me like a suffocating blanket. The sounds of the confrontation behind me echoed in my ears, a haunting reminder of the friend I was leaving behind.

As I fled, Ahnaf's voice echoed behind me. "Well, Khan! You found me. What now?"

I glanced back one last time, my heart breaking at the sight of Ahnaf standing alone, ready to face the monster that had brought us to our knees. His silhouette was framed by the dim light, a lone warrior standing against the darkness. Ahnaf clenched his fists, his superhuman strength making the veins in his arms pop. His resolve was unshakable, his determination absolute.



Khan's eyes narrowed, and with a sudden burst of speed, he rushed towards Ahnaf. In response, Ahnaf did the same, his muscles tensing as he prepared to strike. They ran towards each other, the ground trembling beneath their feet. Just as Ahnaf was about to land a punch, Khan moved with lightning speed, grabbing Ahnaf by the head.

With an overwhelming force, Khan leaped towards the nearby skyscraper, crashing through the glass with Ahnaf in tow. The sound of shattering glass filled the air, mingling with the roar of the wind as they soared through the air. My heart pounded in my chest, a mix of fear and helplessness washing over me.

Khan crashed into the skyscraper with Ahnaf held in his hand by the face, the impact shattering glass and sending debris flying in all directions. The force of their entry left a gaping hole in the side of the building, the structure groaning under the strain.

Ahnaf struggled fiercely, his superhuman strength allowing him to land powerful blows on Khan's arm. Each punch was delivered with the force of a wrecking ball, but it was as if Khan's arm was made of steel. The blows had no effect, and Khan's grip remained unyielding.

With a cruel smile, Khan flung Ahnaf up into the air with tremendous force. Ahnaf's body was propelled through the upper floors of the skyscraper, crashing through walls and ceilings, leaving a trail of destruction in his wake. The sound of breaking glass and crumbling concrete echoed through the building as Ahnaf was sent hurtling upwards.

Khan leaped after him, his movements swift and precise. He caught up to Ahnaf in mid-air, grabbing him by the left arm with a vice-like grip. The sheer power of Khan's jump sent them both crashing through the top floors of the skyscraper, the impact causing the entire structure to shudder.

With a brutal motion, Khan swung Ahnaf around and hurled him towards the neighboring skyscraper. Ahnaf's body flew through the air, crashing into the side of the tall building with bone-jarring force. The impact created a massive crater in the building's facade, and Ahnaf's body was embedded in the middle of it, surrounded by shattered glass and twisted metal.

Ahnaf struggled to his feet, his body battered and bruised.

"Ughhhhh, screw you, Khan! Is this all yo—" His defiant shout was cut short as Khan came crashing down from above, grabbing him by the neck with a vice-like grip. With a single, devastating punch, Khan sent Ahnaf flying, the impact creating a massive shockwave that shattered windows and sent debris flying in all directions.

"Ackkk... agggghh," Ahnaf gasped, the force of the blow sending him hurtling towards a nearby skyscraper. He crashed into the side of the building, the impact leaving a crater in the concrete. But Khan was relentless. He didn't let a moment go by. As Ahnaf struggled to regain his footing, Khan was already upon him, his speed and power overwhelming.

Khan chased Ahnaf as he crashed into the skyscraper, his movements a blur. With another powerful punch, he sent Ahnaf blasting away again, this time towards another nearby skyscraper. The force of the blow was so great that Ahnaf's body tore through the air, crashing into the building with bone-jarring force.

Ahnaf lay in the middle of the destruction, battered and broken. He struggled to his feet, his vision blurred and his body aching. "Wha... where did he go?" he muttered, his voice filled with pain and confusion.

The building began to vibrate, the walls shaking and the floors cracking. Ahnaf looked up, his eyes widening in horror as he saw Khan descending from above. Khan crashed through the floors of the building, each impact sending shockwaves through the structure. The sound of crumbling concrete and shattering glass filled the air as Khan tore through the building, heading straight for Ahnaf.

Ahnaf braced for impact, his muscles tensing as he prepared to defend himself. But Khan was too strong, too fast. With a final, devastating punch, Khan struck Ahnaf with earth-shattering force. The impact sent Ahnaf crashing through the floors below, his body plummeting towards the ground. The speed and power of the blow were overwhelming, and Ahnaf felt himself falling, the world around him a blur of pain and destruction.



As he fell, Ahnaf's mind raced. He had to find a way to stop Khan, to protect everyone he cared about. But the sheer power of Khan's attacks left him feeling helpless, his body battered and broken. The ground rushed up to meet him, and with a final, bone-jarring impact, Ahnaf crashed into the earth, the force of the blow sending shockwaves through the ground.

Lying there, surrounded by the wreckage of the battle, Ahnaf struggled to catch his breath. His body ached with pain, his vision blurred and his mind racing.

But Khan was relentless. He came crashing down with tremendous force, stomping on Ahnaf with raw power. The entire skyscraper began to shatter under the impact, the walls cracking and the floors buckling. The sound of creaking metal and crumbling concrete filled

the air, a symphony of destruction. Ahnaf screamed in agony, the pain radiating through his body as Khan's foot pressed down with unyielding force, pinning him to the ground.

Just as the building was about to collapse into rubble, Khan kicked Ahnaf with brutal force. The impact was so powerful that Ahnaf's body tore through the air, crashing into the side of the next building. The sound of shattering glass and crumbling concrete echoed through the city as Ahnaf was embedded in the structure, the force of the blow creating a massive crater in the building's facade.

Khan didn't give him a moment to recover. He quickly followed, his movements a blur of speed and power. With a massive punch, he struck Ahnaf again, causing him to blast through the building and into yet another skyscraper. The force of the blow was earth-shattering, the impact sending shockwaves through the structure. The building groaned under the strain, windows shattering and walls crumbling as Ahnaf was sent hurtling through it.

The road below was littered with destruction, the remnants of their battle scattered across the cityscape. Cars were overturned, streetlights bent and broken, and debris covered the streets. But amidst the chaos, there was a small glimmer of hope. Director Leonis had taken steps to evacuate people around a mile radius a day before, ensuring that no innocent lives were caught in the crossfire. The streets were eerily empty, a stark contrast to the devastation above.

Khan's attacks were relentless. He didn't stop, didn't let a moment of rest for Ahnaf. Each punch, each kick was delivered with godly strength, sending Ahnaf crashing from one building to another. The cityscape was left in ruins, each skyscraper bearing the scars of their battle. The once majestic skyline was now a testament to the sheer power and destruction wrought by Khan.

Ahnaf struggled to keep up, his body battered and broken. Every time he tried to stand, Khan was there, delivering another devastating blow. The sheer power of Khan's attacks left Ahnaf reeling, his vision blurred and his mind racing. The pain was overwhelming, but even in the face of such overwhelming force, Ahnaf refused to give up.

Khan's dominance was absolute. He moved with the precision of a predator, each strike calculated to inflict maximum damage. His eyes were cold and unfeeling, his expression one of ruthless determination. There was no mercy in his attacks, no hesitation. He was a force of nature, unstoppable and unyielding. Each blow he delivered was like a hammer striking an anvil, the force reverberating through the air.

Ahnaf's body was flung through the air once more, crashing into yet another skyscraper. The impact created a massive crater in the building's facade, the structure groaning under the strain. Ahnaf lay amidst the rubble, gasping for breath, his body screaming in pain. The building around him was a twisted wreck, the floors above threatening to collapse at any moment. But he knew he couldn't

afford to stay down. He had to keep fighting, had to find a way to stop Khan.

With a Herculean effort, Ahnaf forced himself to his feet, his muscles trembling with exhaustion. He looked up at Khan, who stood tall and unscathed, a dominating presence amidst the chaos. The contrast between them was stark, a testament to Khan's overwhelming power. Khan's figure was imposing, his every movement exuding confidence and strength.

But even in the face of such insurmountable odds, Ahnaf's resolve remained unbroken. He clenched his fists, his eyes blazing with determination. He knew he had to keep fighting, no matter how hopeless it seemed. The fate of everyone he cared about depended on his strength and determination. He took a deep breath, steeling himself for the next onslaught.

Khan stood in front of Ahnaf, his eyes cold and unyielding, ready to strike again. The air was thick with tension, the ground beneath them trembling from the sheer force of their previous clashes.



"You think that would scare me?" Ahnaf spat, his voice filled with defiance. "So what if I'm not strong enough?"

As he spoke, Ahnaf's body began to heal, the wounds and bruises fading away. His healing factor kicked into overdrive, the pain receding as his strength returned.

"I am not weak either," Ahnaf continued, his voice growing stronger. "I don't care what powers James and Eric got!"

The healing process intensified, the cuts and gashes on his skin closing up, leaving no trace of the brutal battle he had endured. His muscles tightened, his stance becoming more resolute.

"It doesn't matter how strong they were but still lost to you!" Ahnaf's voice echoed through the ruins, filled with a fierce determination.

All the marks on Ahnaf's body began to disappear, his skin smooth and unblemished once more. The transformation was almost complete, his body fully healed and ready for the next round.

"I have my own strength, and I will!" Ahnaf declared, his eyes blazing with resolve.

With his body fully healed, Ahnaf clenched his fists, the veins in his arms standing out as his anger and determination surged. He took a step forward, his gaze locked onto Khan.

"Stop you, no matter what it takes!" he shouted, his voice ringing with unwavering conviction.

Ahnaf's fists tightened, his knuckles white with the force of his grip. "And protect all my friends!" he vowed, his voice filled with a powerful resolve.

The air around them seemed to crackle with energy, the ground beneath their feet trembling as Ahnaf's determination reached its peak. He stood tall and unyielding, ready to face Khan with every ounce of strength he possessed.



They both ran towards each other, the tension in the air palpable. Time seemed to slow down, each second stretching into an eternity. The floor of the skyscraper they stood on was already a scene of utter devastation. Walls were cracked and crumbling, windows shattered, and debris littered the ground. The once pristine office space was now a battlefield, the remnants of desks and chairs

scattered like broken toys. The flickering lights cast eerie shadows, adding to the sense of chaos and destruction.

As they charged, the very air seemed to vibrate with the intensity of their impending clash. Ahnaf's eyes were fueled with rage and determination. He would give his all for his family. He did not become a hero to be the messiah of hope; he didn't care how much destruction had been caused, how many buildings had been crushed. All he cared about was protecting his loved ones, and that was what he would do. His heart pounded in his chest, each beat echoing his resolve to stand against Khan.

Just then, something inside Ahnaf broke free. He felt an overwhelming surge of power coursing through his body. His strength began to grow exponentially with every step he took towards Khan. His body, mind, and heart started functioning in perfect unison, each beat of his heart pumping more power into his veins. The ground beneath his feet cracked with each stride, the sheer force of his movements causing the already damaged floor to buckle and splinter. His muscles bulged, veins standing out as his body transformed into a vessel of raw power.

As Ahnaf closed in, Khan prepared to deliver a devastating punch. But Ahnaf, moving with newfound agility, barely dodged the blow by a few inches. He sideswept and moved low, his body a blur of motion. With a powerful leap, he delivered a flipping uppercut to Khan. The sheer force of the uppercut was so immense that it shook the very foundation of the skyscraper. The impact sent shockwaves

through the building, causing the walls to crack further and the ceiling to buckle. Khan was flung into the air, his body crashing through the floors and ceilings above with intense force. The sound of shattering concrete and twisting metal filled the air as Khan was propelled upwards.

But Ahnaf wasn't done. He jumped right beside Khan as he was blasting up in the air, his movements fluid and precise. With a swift roll, Ahnaf delivered a powerful kick, sending Khan crashing down through the floors with terrifying force and speed. The impact was cataclysmic, the force of Khan's descent causing the entire building to tremble. Floors collapsed under the strain, debris raining down as Khan plummeted towards the ground. The sound of the building's structure giving way was deafening, a cacophony of destruction that echoed through the city.

The destruction was immense. The skyscraper, already weakened by their battle, began to collapse in on itself. Dust and debris filled the air, the sound of crumbling concrete and shattering glass echoing through the city. The ground below was littered with the remnants of their clash, a testament to the sheer power and determination of Ahnaf. The once towering structure was now a pile of rubble, a stark reminder of the ferocity of their battle.

As the dust began to settle, Ahnaf stood amidst the wreckage, his body still thrumming with the overwhelming power that had surged through him. His chest heaved with exertion, his eyes blazing with the intensity of his resolve. The air around him crackled with energy,

the remnants of his transformation still visible in the aura that surrounded him.

Ahnaf had finally done it. He had achieved "Code Breaker." This was the first stage, where one breaks through their genetic code and increases their capabilities exponentially. This stage allowed him to enhance various attributes to an incomparable height, reaching the peak that he could achieve in his entire lifetime. His body was a testament to this transformation, every muscle and sinew honed to perfection, his mind sharper than ever before. He stood tall amidst the ruins, ready to face whatever came next, his determination unshaken.



Khan stood from the rubble, his eyes burning with fury. With his fist clenched, he charged towards Ahnaf with overwhelming force. But Ahnaf, now enhanced by the Code Breaker, easily dodged the attack. His movements were fluid and precise, a blur of speed and agility.

Ahnaf leaped towards a nearby building, dodging and attacking Khan at vulnerable spots. The battle between them intensified, their clash echoing through the city. They jumped from building to building, their movements a blur of speed and power. The destruction they left in their wake was immense, each impact sending shockwaves through the structures.

Khan's attacks were relentless, each punch and kick delivered with godly strength. But Ahnaf, now at the peak of his abilities, matched him blow for blow. His agility allowed him to dodge Khan's strikes with ease, while his strength enabled him to deliver powerful counterattacks.

As they fought, the skyscrapers around them began to crumble. Windows shattered, walls cracked, and debris rained down on the streets below. The once majestic skyline was now a battlefield, the buildings bearing the scars of their epic clash.

Ahnaf and Khan moved with blinding speed, their figures blurring as they leaped from building to building. The once majestic skyline was now a war zone, each skyscraper bearing the scars of their epic clash.

Ahnaf, now fully empowered by the Code Breaker, felt an overwhelming surge of strength and agility. His movements were fluid and precise, each step calculated to maximize his advantage. Khan, relentless and powerful, matched him blow for blow, their clashes sending shockwaves through the air.

They collided mid-air, the impact creating a thunderous boom that echoed through the city. Ahnaf's fist connected with Khan's jaw, the force of the blow sending Khan crashing into a nearby building. The structure groaned under the strain, windows shattering and walls crumbling as Khan's body tore through it.

Ahnaf didn't let up. He followed Khan into the building, smashing through walls and debris. The interior of the skyscraper was a maze of destruction, with office furniture and equipment scattered like confetti. Ahnaf moved with precision, his eyes locked onto Khan as he delivered a series of rapid punches and kicks. Each strike was calculated, aimed at exploiting any weakness he could find.

Khan roared in anger, his eyes blazing with fury. He swung a massive fist at Ahnaf, but Ahnaf ducked and countered with a powerful uppercut that sent Khan crashing through the ceiling. The force of the blow was so immense that it created a gaping hole, debris raining down as Khan was propelled upwards.



Ahnaf leaped after him, their battle continuing on the rooftop. The wind howled around them, the cityscape stretching out below. Khan regained his footing and charged at Ahnaf, their fists colliding with a force that sent shockwaves through the air. The rooftop cracked and splintered under the strain, pieces of concrete and metal flying in all directions.

With a swift motion, Khan grabbed Ahnaf by the arm and hurled him across the rooftop. Ahnaf skidded to a stop, his body leaving a trail of destruction in its wake. He quickly regained his footing and charged back at Khan, his movements a blur of speed and power. He delivered a powerful kick to Khan's midsection, the impact sending Khan stumbling backwards.

Khan recovered quickly, his eyes narrowing as he prepared to strike again. He lunged at Ahnaf, but Ahnaf sidestepped and delivered a spinning kick to Khan's head. The force of the blow sent Khan crashing into a nearby air conditioning unit, the metal crumpling under the impact.

Ahnaf didn't give Khan a moment to recover. He leaped forward, delivering a series of rapid punches that left Khan reeling. Each strike was delivered with precision and power, Ahnaf's movements a blur of speed and agility. Khan tried to counter, but Ahnaf was always one step ahead, dodging and weaving with ease.

With a final, powerful punch, Ahnaf sent Khan crashing through the rooftop and into the building below. The impact was cataclysmic, the force of Khan's descent causing the entire structure to tremble. Floors collapsed under the strain, debris raining down as Khan plummeted towards the ground.

Ahnaf followed him down, their battle continuing through the crumbling building. They crashed through walls and floors, their movements a blur of speed and power. The destruction was immense, the building groaning under the strain of their epic clash.

As they reached the ground floor, Ahnaf delivered a powerful kick that sent Khan crashing through the front doors and into the street outside. The impact created a massive crater in the pavement, debris flying in all directions.

But Khan was not easily defeated. He emerged from the wreckage, his eyes burning with fury. With a roar, he launched himself at Ahnaf, his fists moving with blinding speed. Ahnaf dodged and countered, their movements a blur as they fought across the rooftops.

They leaped from one skyscraper to another, their battle leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. Each impact sent debris flying, the buildings around them crumbling under the strain. The ground below was littered with the remnants of their clash, a testament to the sheer power and intensity of their fight.

Ahnaf's eyes were filled with determination. He knew he had to keep fighting, no matter the cost. With each punch and kick, he poured every ounce of his strength into the battle. His body moved with a grace and precision that belied his raw power, each strike delivered with pinpoint accuracy.

Khan, equally determined, fought back with relentless ferocity. His attacks were brutal and unyielding, each blow delivered with the force of a sledgehammer. The ground trembled beneath their feet, the air crackling with energy as they clashed.

They moved like shadows, their figures darting across the skyline. Ahnaf leaped towards Khan, with his fists. Khan met him head-on, their fists colliding with a force that shook the very foundations of the buildings around them. The impact sent shockwaves through the air, the ground beneath them cracking and splintering.

Ahnaf's strength surged, his body thrumming with power. He delivered a series of rapid punches, each one landing with devastating force. Khan staggered under the onslaught, but he quickly recovered, his eyes narrowing with determination.

With a powerful leap, Khan launched himself at Ahnaf, his fist aimed at Ahnaf's chest. Ahnaf dodged at the last moment, his body twisting in mid-air. He countered with a spinning kick, the force of the blow sending Khan crashing into another building. The structure shuddered under the impact, debris raining down as Khan's body tore through it.

But Khan was not done. He emerged from the wreckage, his eyes blazing with fury. With a roar, he charged at Ahnaf, his movements a blur of speed and power. Ahnaf met him head-on, their fists colliding once more. The impact was cataclysmic, the force of their clash sending shockwaves through the city.



The battle continued, their movements a blur as they fought across the rooftops. Each clash left a trail of destruction, the buildings around them crumbling under the strain. The ground below was littered with debris, the remnants of their epic battle.

Ahnaf and Khan's fight spilled over into the streets below. They crashed through the sides of buildings, sending glass and concrete raining down. Ahnaf landed on a busy intersection, cars screeching to a halt as people fled in terror. Khan followed, his descent creating a crater in the asphalt. The two combatants squared off amidst the chaos, their eyes locked in a deadly stare.

Khan lunged at Ahnaf, his fists a blur of motion. Ahnaf dodged and countered, their movements too fast for the human eye to follow. They weaved through the traffic, their blows sending cars flying and shattering windows. The sound of metal crunching and glass breaking filled the air, the city itself seeming to groan under the strain of their battle.

Ahnaf delivered a powerful kick to Khan's midsection, sending him crashing into a nearby bus. The vehicle crumpled under the impact, its windows shattering as it was pushed back several feet. Khan roared in anger, his eyes blazing with fury. He tore the bus apart with his bare hands, using the twisted metal as a weapon. He swung a massive piece of the bus at Ahnaf, but Ahnaf ducked and countered with a punch that sent Khan flying into a nearby building.

The building's facade crumbled under the impact, debris raining down as Khan's body tore through it. Ahnaf leaped after him, their battle continuing inside the structure. They crashed through walls and floors, their movements a blur of speed and power. The interior of the building was a maze of destruction, with office furniture and equipment scattered like confetti.

Khan grabbed a desk and hurled it at Ahnaf, but Ahnaf dodged and countered with a powerful punch that sent Khan crashing through the floor. The impact created a gaping hole, debris raining down as Khan was propelled downwards. Ahnaf followed, their battle continuing through the crumbling building.

The battle continued, their movements a blur as they fought across the rooftops. Each clash left a trail of destruction, the buildings around them crumbling under the strain. The ground below was littered with debris, the remnants of their epic battle.

Ahnaf punched Khan with full force, sending him crashing down to the ground. The impact created a massive crater, the earth shattering under the sheer power of the blow. Dust and debris flew into the air, the ground trembling from the force of the collision. Khan lay at the bottom of the crater, momentarily stunned by the ferocity of Ahnaf's attack.

Ahnaf leaped into the sky, his body soaring above the battlefield. As he ascended, he clenched his fists, his mind racing with thoughts of everyone who had supported him throughout his journey.



Ramsey, the double agent who had protected him in a twisted way, always lurking in the shadows, his actions a confusing mix of betrayal and protection.

Zain, his father, who had shielded him from the shadows, sacrificing everything to ensure his safety, his love a silent but powerful force.

Ruvana, his mother, who had nurtured and protected him since his very childhood, her love and care a constant source of strength and comfort.

Kelly, his girlfriend, who had enveloped him in her love, her unwavering support a beacon of hope in his darkest moments.

James, his friend, who had protected him with his humor, his laughter a shield against despair, always finding a way to lighten the heaviest of burdens.

Tiffany, the Mexican cook who filled them to the brim with tacos at the airfield, her warmth and kindness a reminder of simpler, happier times.

Lt. Cheng, their combat and data specialist who monitored them back at the airfield, his vigilance and expertise a crucial part of their survival.

Cpt. Davis, who gave his all under insurmountable odds, his bravery and leadership a guiding light in their most desperate hours.

And finally, me, who had protected him by running away... heh, always trying to keep him safe, even if it meant retreating to fight another day.

As Ahnaf soared higher, these thoughts fueled his resolve. He wasn't just fighting for himself; he was fighting for all of them. The memories of their sacrifices and love surged through him, filling him with an unyielding determination. Ahnaf felt a surge of power unlike anything he had ever experienced. His body thrummed with energy, his muscles tensing as he prepared for the final strike. He knew this was his moment, the culmination of everything he had fought for. It was a **Skyfall**.

With a roar, Ahnaf came crashing down towards Khan, both his fists clenched and ready to deliver a devastating blow. The air around him crackled with energy, the sheer force of his descent creating a shockwave that rippled through the sky. The clouds parted, and the very atmosphere seemed to tremble in anticipation of the impending impact. Khan looked up, his expression unchanged, his eyes cold and unfeeling, as if daring Ahnaf to strike.

Ahnaf's fists met Khan's chest with a thunderous impact. The force of the blow was cataclysmic, creating a massive tornado of dust and debris that swirled around them. The shockwave from the impact shook the very foundation of the crater they were standing upon, the ground cracking and splintering under the strain. The sound was deafening, a cacophony of destruction that echoed through the city, as if the earth itself was crying out in pain.



The destruction was immense. Buildings nearby trembled, their windows shattering from the force of the shockwave. The ground beneath them continued to quake, the air filled with the sound of crumbling concrete and twisting metal. The sheer power of Ahnaf's attack was a testament to his determination and resolve. The once bustling cityscape was now a scene of chaos, the skyline marred by the aftermath of their epic clash.

As the dust began to settle, Khan stood there, unscathed. Ahnaf's fist still lay on his chest, but there was no injury, no mark, nothing. Ahnaf looked in shock, his eyes wide with disbelief. How could this be? He had poured every ounce of his newfound power into that strike, yet it had no effect. His mind raced, the realization of Khan's invulnerability sinking in like a lead weight. The sense of helplessness was overwhelming, a stark contrast to the surge of power he had felt just moments before.

Khan's fist clenched, and then he spoke, his voice calm and almost amused. "Close... I had fun using 10% of my power after a long time."



Those words left Ahnaf stunned. Even with the power of Code Breaker, he had only been able to match a fraction of Khan's strength. The realization hit him like a ton of bricks, the enormity of the challenge before him sinking in.

"Wha... but how is that even possible?" Ahnaf stammered, his voice filled with confusion and frustration.

Khan's eyes narrowed, a cold smile playing on his lips. "Maybe not in your world it isn't, but where I come from, this world is too small, too naive, too filled to the brim with useless thoughts. This world is small. Too small... for both of us."

Ahnaf's mind raced, trying to make sense of Khan's words. "Both? Who else!?" he demanded, his voice tinged with desperation.

"Why? You and me, of course," Khan replied, his tone almost mocking.

"What do you even mean?" Ahnaf asked, his confusion growing.

Khan's expression turned serious, his eyes distant as he spoke.

"There was a time when my planet prospered, with technology unlike anything you could imagine. Then something happened, and I had to send the only family I had, my own son through a pod. And I have been looking for him ever since."

Ahnaf's eyes widened in realization. "Heh, your son would be hundreds of years old now if that is whom you are looking for."

Khan shook his head, his gaze piercing. "The pod was a time pod. The state would remain the same regardless of the time passed as long as someone is inside."

Ahnaf's mind reeled with the implications. "But... what does that have to do with me? Why are you doing this to me?"

Khan's eyes bore into Ahnaf's, his voice cold and unyielding. "Ask yourself, Ahnaf. If your father was with The Heartlands from 1998, how were you even born?"

The question hung in the air, the weight of it pressing down on Ahnaf. His mind raced, trying to piece together the fragments of his past. The truth was there, just out of reach, and it terrified him. The

realization that his entire existence might be tied to something far greater than he had ever imagined was overwhelming.

Ahnaaf's mind raced, trying to comprehend the implications of Khan's words. "What... what are you trying to say?" he stammered, his voice filled with confusion and fear.

Khan's expression remained cold and unyielding. "I am not trying to say anything. I don't try. I do. And that's what I will be doing. I do," he replied, his voice calm and menacing.

Ahnaaf's heart pounded in his chest. "What do you mean?" he asked, desperation creeping into his voice.

Khan took a step closer, his eyes boring into Ahnaaf's. "If you really are the one I am looking for, you will have enough strength to defeat me. Which, time and time again, you do not. So I am giving you a last chance."

"Please, don't do this..." Ahnaaf pleaded, his voice trembling.



Khan's gaze hardened, his tone turning icy. "September 22nd, your birthday. The day it all started, the day you got your powers. We will end it all on that day. If you are unable to beat me, I will kill your friends, your family, everything that you hold dear. They will all end that day."

Ahnaf's heart sank, the weight of Khan's words pressing down on him like a crushing burden. The date loomed in his mind, a stark reminder of the day his life had changed forever. The day he had gained his powers, the day his journey had begun. And now, it would be the day of reckoning.

Khan's eyes narrowed as he raised his hand, the air around him crackling with raw power. "But before that," he said, his voice cold and unyielding. "You have to survive this."

Ahnaf's heart pounded in his chest, his mind racing with fear and confusion. He watched in horror as Khan's hand began to descend, the sheer force of the motion causing the air to vibrate. Time seemed to slow down, each second stretching into an eternity as the hand fell towards him.

The immense strength and power radiating from Khan's hand were palpable, the very air around it distorting from the force. Ahnaf could see the muscles in Khan's arm bulging, the veins standing out as he channeled his overwhelming power into the strike. The ground beneath them trembled, cracks spiderwebbing out from where Khan stood, the sheer weight of his presence pressing down on everything around him.

Ahnaf's mind struggled to process what was happening. The fear was paralyzing, his body refusing to move as he watched the hand fall. The world around him seemed to blur, the edges of his vision darkening as the impending doom approached. He could feel the

pressure building, the air growing thick and heavy, making it hard to breathe.

The hand continued its descent, the force behind it growing with each passing moment. The sound of the air being displaced was deafening, a roaring wind that filled Ahnaf's ears. He could see the details of Khan's hand with terrifying clarity—the calloused skin, the powerful fingers, the unyielding determination in Khan's eyes.

Ahnaf's heart raced, his mind screaming at him to move, to do something, but his body remained frozen. The fear was overwhelming, a crushing weight that pinned him in place. He could feel the ground beneath him shaking, the very earth trembling in anticipation of the impact.

As the hand drew closer, the pressure became almost unbearable. Ahnaf could feel the force pressing down on him, the air around him growing hotter and more oppressive. The sheer power of Khan's strike was unlike anything he had ever faced, a force of nature that seemed unstoppable.

In that moment, as Khan's hand was mere inches away from crushing Ahnaf, a powerful hand came from above and stopped it with ease. The sheer force of the block sent shockwaves through the ground, creating a massive crater and sending debris flying in all directions. The impact was so intense that it felt as if the very earth had been split open.



Ramsey, who was readying himself in a private jet, glanced at the news feed showing the person who had stopped Khan's hand. Despair washed over him, his face paling as he recognized the figure. He fell to his knees, his body trembling with a mix of fear and hopelessness. The weight of his failure pressed down on him like a

crushing burden, his mind racing with thoughts of what could have been done differently.

"No, no way this is happening," Ramsey muttered, his voice barely a whisper. "This wasn't supposed to happen!" His hands shook as he clutched the edge of the seat, his knuckles white with tension. The realization that all their efforts had been in vain was a bitter pill to swallow, and the sense of impending doom was overwhelming.



Meanwhile, Director Leonis watched the scene unfold from the Nexus facility. He removed his glasses and placed a palm on his forehead, his expression one of utter defeat. The room around him was filled with the hum of machinery and the soft glow of monitors, but all he could focus on was the image on the screen.

"We... we failed... and now we are doomed," Leonis said, his voice filled with resignation. His shoulders slumped, the weight of his responsibility pressing down on him like a physical force. The years of planning, the countless sacrifices, all seemed meaningless in the face of this new threat. The sense of hopelessness was palpable, a heavy cloud that hung over him and his team.



Down in the distance, the crater where Khan's hand had been stopped was filled with a massive cloud of dust and rocks, the sheer impact of the block creating a whirlwind of debris. As the dust began to clear, a figure emerged, standing tall and unyielding amidst the chaos.

There stood 'The Sentinel,' his presence commanding and his expression menacing. A smile played on his lips, a smile that sent chills down the spines of all who saw it. The Sentinel's eyes gleamed with a dangerous light, his body radiating an aura of immense power.

As the dust settled and the tension in the air grew palpable, the stage was set for an epic confrontation. The fate of the world hung in the balance, and the true battle was about to begin.



